

9-7-1965

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (herbold)

Maria Herbold

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Description

This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.

Keywords

Henri Temianka, Maria Herbold, September 7, 1965, culture, virtuosity in musical performance, violinist, chamber music, camaraderie, postal service, children, audience, mother, son, family, discontent, humor

L.P.



Dr. Henri Temianka

2915 Patricia Avenue

West Los Angeles, California

Mrs. John O. Herbold
6406 Ivarene Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Dr. Temianka:

Who says artists are impractical visionaries with feet off the ground, head "lost in the stars"? Among all the millions, if not thousands, of words spouted by the experts and authorities, your down-to-earth letter came like a cool draft through waves of hot air, or a hunk of good, chewable bread amid fancy fixin's. Your sound horse-sense produced some sound suggestions. The same philosophy was there, too, of course. And you shot just the right spotlight on the ethics and ideals to be aimed at. More power to your right arm--your baton arm. Long may it wave!

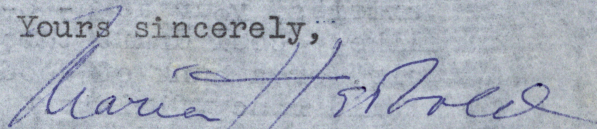
We regular concert goers are looking forward to the goodies you are bringing us this year. And, as a grandmother, I'm giving an extra cheer. Your "talk music" to children will be special, that I know.

Say hello to your cute little mother. I think she will remember the L.A.C.C.A. contacts we've had. You know, Dr. Temianka, your mother was so hurt over a suddenly and mysteriously cut-off friendship with a Mrs. Berghagen that I was really distressed for her sake. I was, therefore, happy to learn that things had turned out happily, after all. It is possible that by making an excuse to call Mrs. Berghagen, and casually and innocently remarking that she had been identified to me as a friend of Mrs. Temianka, being careful to keep far away from any hint that I had ever talked with your mother, I pushed just the right button to wake Mrs. B. up to do what she had neglected to do.

Perhaps I shouldn't have told you of this.
You needn't pass this part of my letter on.
At any rate, the happy ending seemed to
mean something very deep to your mother.
She is a dear--and how proud of her son
Henri--with what good reason!

Thank you again for the pleasure you bring
us. Los Angeles is being served out of the
top drawer more and more, in the arts, I mean.

Yours sincerely,



7th September

P.S. I hope you will realize that this
letter, which started out to be a breezy
line or two, doesn't call for any answer.
We'll say "hello" at some concert, and I
can identify myself to you again. Even
your awesome, computer-like memory may
not fish out my card without a personal
appearance to couple with the mere name.

